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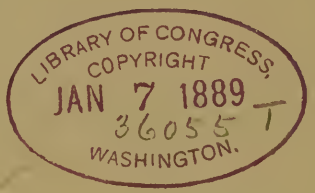
MOODY MOMENTS,

POEMS,

BY



EDWARD DOYLE.

What I err'd in, what corrected,
What I suffered, what effected,
To this wreath as flowers belong.—*Gœthe*

KETCHAM & DOYLE, PUBLISHERS,
302 West 126th Street,
NEW YORK.
1888.

PS3507
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1888

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Ketcham & Doyle, Printers, 302 W. 126th St., New York.

TO MY SISTER.

Not only kings and queens make tragedies,
  Which lump our throat so thick we may not speak,
  Or start big tears that linger along our cheek.
What tragedy so sad as ours? We freëze
On a lone island in the Arctic Seas
  Where, when I stranded, you with love did seek
  Me out to share my night, chill, long and bleak,
Leaving behind the Sun, all hope of ease;
  As bold crusader, bound for the Holy Land,
Left his gold crown at home on the Virgin Shrine
At his departure for the battle line.
  Ah! higher than the Sun the icebergs stand
Around us, and how cold! yet you repine
  Not, but predict near their migration grand.

PREFACE.

A FEW facts regarding myself may not be out of place as prefatory to "Moody Moments." In 1882 I published a dramatic poem entitled "Cagliostro," which depicted "Modern Spiritualism," a delusion that at one time had counted among its adherents hundreds of thousands of our fellow-citizens. The sale of this work being slow, I betook myself to the establishing of the UPTOWN VISITOR, a local newspaper for the upper portion of New York City, and before long made the venture a tolerable success, although at almost every step I was confronted with the grossest prejudice on the part of many who could not conceive how a person, deprived of sight, could make a newspaper prosper. While building up the UPTOWN VISITOR I frequently had moody moments when thoughts and fancies came to me and robed themselves in verse Whether these productions be true poetry, or no, is of course for the reader to determine. Many of the poems are personal, but not, I trust, egotistic in a repellant sense. It seems patent that egotism in verse is offensive only when it is too laudatory, too didactic, or too pretentious, or when, like that of Walt Whitman, it glories in personating the brutish propensities of human nature in insurrection against Reason and Law, enthroned on the accumulated wisdom of the Ages. My egotism is that of a human being who, isolated from the visible charms of Creation and from nearly all the pleasures of life, has so intense a longing to behold and enjoy them that, when they appear in fancy, he welcomes them,

> And ah! how help but sing,
> As bird at break of day, or dawn of Spring?

EDWARD DOYLE.

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GRANT'S WAS TRUE GENIUS.

Yon suffering hero let all men revere.
His was true Genius; no mere comet grand—
Napoleonic—such as dazzles a land
Once in a thousand years and sweeps earth drear
With plague, war, ruin, the tail of its career.
Ah! when our States, by God a system planned,
Burst, making the Angels aghast and breathless stand,
This Captain was raised up a Solar Sphere
To re-attract and lift to upper air
These planets, which were sundering down through space.
They re-cohered around him, rose resplendent,
And with their many-hued, harmonious glare
Blazed the red beams of a manumitted race,
A star occult long, but henceforth ascendant.

BY THE LIGHT OF DEATH.

Around the form of Grant death coldly coils
As there mid trophies of the siege, Surprise,
He sits and ponders. Glares it, lightning-wise,
Into his features, flash on flash! But foils
Not him,—he works by its light. With a smile he toils
On, penning down the conflict, rallying cries;
The fields with lighted tents 'neath clouded skies,
And bombs that, bursting, dash up trees and soils,

And set ablaze the forest, town, or fort,
Alarming for miles the women and old men,
On hill and housetop, many never again
To see their brave sons, even with limbs distort.
He pauses rapt, beholding Freedom, wild
With her long-lost, bruised, blackened, hope-dazed child.

IN THE DARKNESS OF GRIEF.

The light of joy has gone out from the land
And dark is every dwelling, as a grave,
On hill, in valley, from the zig-zag strand
Of the Atlantic to the sleeping wave
Of the Pacific, which receives from Eve
The mantle of her peace as she ascends
To heaven with all the good which men achieve.
Ah! laden are the arms which she extends
To Heaven now, filled with the fruits of the glorious deed
Of Grant, through whom vast millions of his kind
Were re-created into men—were freed
With all their progeny in body and mind.

At doors before the hurrying stream, dense wood,
On mountain and on plain, the people stand
With pallid faces in a pensive mood.
There is no fire of mirth in all the land
On any hearthstone, nor illumination
Of pleasure shining through a mansion pane.
As black the clouds, which overhang the Nation,
As those surcharged with the Forty Days of rain.

No hearthstone will break forth in a roaring blaze
With neighbors sitting round, nor house be lighted
For guests assembling thick, for many days.
Her great son dead, the Nation mourns, heart-blighted.

LAYING THE HERO TO REST.

Up from the broad, bright bay the warships sail
In blue midstream toward peaceful Riverside,
Where thousands watch for them with wearying eyes.
Larger the vessels grow, and restlessness
Stirs, breeze-like, through the throng along the slope.
With port-holes eyeing Riverside, they boom,
Shaking the shores, and tents of smoke arise,
Recalling camps thrown up on eve of strife,
While from both air and water rolls
A double, dolorous moan among the hills
And valleys, up the peopled palisades
And toward the black Metropolis, through which
March the battallions, whom the fleet escorts,
As erst it covered them assaulting fortress
Skirting a town, wherein men flew to arms,
Flashing incessantly, like soundless lightning
On Summer night before the storm lets fall
Its avalanches, thunderbolts and torrents.

Upon our Riverside of hill and dale,
Wooded and rocky, concentrate vast throngs
From near and far in carriage and on foot.
The father holds his wild boy by the hand,
Fearful lest prancing steed, or whirling wheel,

May drag him down and maim his arm or leg;
Or lest the crowd may crush him in its swerve,
As on a lever, toward the booming ships,
Or toward the wave-like rolling of the drums
Up old Broadway. Oh! How the concourse thickens!
It does not thunder now with acclamations,
As when the hero homeward came with glory,
His eyes enkindled, seeing North and South
All armies breaking into citizens
Like rugged, roaring Winter into Spring;
Seeing his dauntless men, each dark as Arab,
Stacking their muskets or dismounting from horse,
And clasping their wives and children, lily-white,
Beneath the trees on sidewalk, or at door;
And seeing the freedman, too, in marsh, plantation,
Clasping his children, without dread
Of ever being dragged out from his hut,
Off from their moaning midst, their shrieks and sobs,
By a slave dealer with a whip and hound.

The General comes now, not erect on steed
And chatting with his staff, nor smiling, bowing,
At throngs upon the sidewalks and on stoops
And balconies, but silent and supine
In purple casket on the lofty car,
By twenty-four draped horses slowly drawn,
Each steed led by a groom, a freedman proud,
Up River Drive, between a long sun-shaft
Of Soldiery before and evening shade
Of equipages of the President,
The un-crowned First of men; of cabinet;
And Governors of States, as large as kingdoms,

From the magnolia, orange-scented South,
The hilly, snowy, wooded, lakey North,
The East, volcanic with huge factories,
And from the West, where proud, exultant Nature
Points out to man and God her grandest offspring,
The Rockies and Sierras, the Missouri
And Mississippi, and the sky-wide Prairies,
Lighted up by the thousand-colored meteor
Of vegetation from the depths of earth,
And darkened by dense scudding clouds of cattle.
As evening star before the host of heaven,
So comes brave, brilliant Hancock, leading the march
To Clairemont Hill, where Washington once stood
In anguish, noticing how few, how few,
His routed men were, and how great, how great,
His undertaking, and where he took heart,
Feeling God's inspiration like a breeze.

Ten thousand veterans, firm of foot, erect,
With tattered standards, arms reversed, and treading
In silence, like the stepping of fair snow
Over the field she covers tenderly,
That sleeping flowrets may not die of cold;
Or to the time of mournful, muffled drums,
Or that of slow, soft dirge, or hopeful hymn;
And sons of veterans, eager to emulate
Their fathers' deeds for freedom's sake, with arms
A-flashing, like the lightning yester' eve
Boding the heat to-day, as they descend
Our sloping Riverside; and citizens
In windows, on the housetops, thick as fruit
On tallest trees, on lofty rocks, and seats

Erected as in amphitheatre;
Nay, sixty millions from high-ridged Atlantic
To the Pacific, prairie low and long
Of waters, where the weary sun lies down;
And from the Canadas, moonlit with snow,
To Mexico with men like ants in mines;
All gaze here sorrowfully, bid farewell
To their great Captain, over whose sheathed form
The bugler old, with tear on cheek, breath faltering,
Standing aloft upon the funeral car,
At vault, with chiefs that erst were hostile, watching
Sadly at either side, sounds loud the taps,
The last call unto ears that cannot hear,
Making brave Sherman think of other days
And break down like a child, strong Johnston weep,
The fearless Sheridan bow down his head,
The stern old Buckner tremble as he never
Trembled in battle, and old veterans sigh,
Knowing the camp will never more behold
The missed one galloping back on foamy steed.

O massive warships! boom, each minute boom,
And voice the gratitude we may not shout.
Grand Army Chaplain! read your sacred rite
Over the casket, decked with stars and stripes.
Discharge your volleys sharp, young regiments!
Poet and orator! narrate,—invent
Not, for your fancy were a pale half moon
Amid the heavens instead of the blazing sun
Of his achievement. Freedmen! come to the tomb
Of Grant with floral "Gates Ajar;" responsive
To Lincoln's fiat, he flung open to you

And your posterity, the heavenly gate
Of liberty, that else might have been bolted
And rusted fast for darkest ages longer.

Behold ! the Angel Reverence who sees
In men who act sublime their greatness only,
Sees them as factors in the ages progress,
Obliterating with a sad, sad tear
The speck here, there, on which small creatures gloat,
Arises unto form august from out
The grateful hearts of many mournful millions
And bows before this soldier. His bright spirit
She companies now to glory, to the throne
On high, the steps of which innumerable
Are, each a sky with dazzling luminaries.
O spirit on ! you saved our land from blight
Eternal, and for ages, let us trust,
From sorrowful need of such a luminous sword
As that you lifted and directed with,
When you, calm, statuesque, omniscient, sat
On charger on the peak above the guns,
Tempestous, crater-mouthed, earth-shaking cannon,
On thousands of bluffs, each circled with smoke and stench,
With bloody, moaning men a-flooding the vales
And dashing off in cataracts from life.
On, spirit, on ! and may the roar of war
Reverberate ne'er in your memory,
As ocean in the shell, found on the peak,
Whence eyes of hungry vultures can descern
Not the green, mossy rocks of wreckful beach.
Ah ! as those vultures on the peak see not

The ocean, which receded thencc of yore,
May you no more behold the woeful strife,
But only the souls of the millions, dark of skin,
That shine, like waves of a phosphorescent sea
Beneath a cloud fast scudding from the sky.
O large and luminous comet-sword of Grant!
That in the sky shone, making haughty rulers
Abroad, Napoleon and the British Premier,
Who plotted to destroy us, sunder us,
To clip a pinion from the skyward eagle,
The bold companion of the Westwarding sun,
And have the echo of his youthful scream
In the high heavens and his slow, hobbling flight
Along the ground, a jest for the coming ages—
Whiten with fear and tremble, skulk back into
Their haunts, with tyranny loathsome, aye, and perish
With all their kind, that fain would redden arrow
In breast of our free Republic, swiftest-winged
Of nations, Bird of the highest, longest flight!

THE CHANT OF THE POET.

The poet chants: "Though all about
Us darkness be, still no, Soul! doubt
Not there is light ahead.
Step cheerfully on, as a lover, knowing
That his betrothed, with cheeks a-glowing,
Awaits him to be wed."

Hark ! how the skeptical mob are laughing
At him ! and, though their brainless chaffing
Cuts through him like a blast,
He smiles and chants: "For a grand sunrise
Were our heart-longings made—these skies
Extending so high and vast !"

He climbs, attains the mountain top ;
While they in the mountain shadow stop
And howl as he jubilant sings
At sight of dawn ; as they might howl
At screams in the cloud of water-fowl
With lightning-blasted wings.

Their din may deafen their own ears
But cannot drown his chant, which cheers
Up thousands, weary and worn,
Who after them ascend the slope
And see in the East the rays of hope,
The sweetening, mellowing morn.

CHERUBS ! I FOLLOW SLOWLY.

Walter and Annie, two years old and three,
Sweet, cunning toddlers, take me by the hand
And, prattling, pull me off my seat. I stand
Up, follow them—What ! follow them, they free
Of visual wing as bird ? They cry, "see ! see !"
As the inbounding waves of new things, grand
And beautiful, break, break, as upon a strand,
Before them and retreat incessantly.

Now, leaving me upon the muddy shore,
Away, afar, they speed with the cherub wing
Of vision, over the waves of beautiful Spring
Which dash across hill, valley, without roar.
Cherubs! I follow slowly, laboring
In memory's sluggish boat with heavy oar.

LITTLE HANDS AND SMALL, RED MOUTH.

Little hands! Oh, how you thrill me
With delight,
And with longing, dreaming, fill me
Day and night!
Soft as moonlight on a flower
Is your touch upon my arm,
When we meet at twilight hour,
In the grove below your farm;
While the birds, brown, blue and red,
Over head,
On the branches blossoming,
Ceaseless sing,
And from honeysuckle, rose,
Richest fragrance overflows.

Small, red mouth! Oh, how you thrill me
With delight,
And with longing, dreaming, fill me
Day and night!
Luminous the smiles that play
Ever about you; and, at star-rise,
How they brighten up my way,
Once I see you from afar rise!

While the crickets chirp in choirs,
Mid the briars,
Amorous fire flies here, then there,
Flit and flare,
And the moon puts off the rain,
Making bows, though faint, yet plain.

Little hands and mouth that thrill me
With delight,
And with longing, dreaming, fill me
Day and night!
Will ye beckon me away
When I seek a clasp forever?
Or then welcome me to stay,
Urging me to high endeavor,
Bidding me halt not, but climb
Height sublime,
Though the clouds that round it drift
Seldom lift,
And though all the world beside,
Till I reach the peak, deride?

SHOULDER-DEEP MID FALLEN STARS.

A sweet, mild face has haunted me these years
Since an outcast from light on this lone isle.
That dimpled cheek, that double chin, that smile,
Those large, black eyes—O God! the vision appears
So real I spring to it; but big, sad tears

Roll down my cheeks, for it vanishes off, aye, while
I clasp it to my bosom. Void of guile
In seeming, as of old, again it nears,
Extending unto mine its small, soft hand.
Vision, depart from me! Leave me alone
Here, where all stars, which lighted my sky of yore,
Have fallen, and where, shoulder deep, I stand
In their hot embers that burn me to the bone—
Hopes, wishes, grown despairs for evermore.

O FIREBIRD!*

O Firebird! on the oak, the hillock's highest,
From brook thou flyest
Beside the nest where thou wilt no more dwell.
"Old nest, farewell!"
Thou singest, and thy mate chirps her refrain
To thy sad strain,
While, like affrighted sentinels, from hills,
From spires in villes
And cities, tree-tops and from peaks, whereon
Snow broods like swan,—
Imperiled outposts,—all the last rays run
After the sun,
As into his great castle of the sea
Grandly goes he,
And his huge outer gates of red clouds close
On his dark foes.

*This beautiful bird migrates by night.

O Firebird! art thou taking a parting look
Of lake and brook,
The grainfields and the forests of the North?
Wilt thou start forth
With twilight on thy migratory flight?
Ah, then, good night!
Kind Nature prompts thee for thy good to fly
To Southern sky.
Oh, when my instinct, Conscience, bids me seek
A world less bleak,
Where flowers and fruitage do not run to seed,
Would I could speed
As promptly in response, as from yon highest
Of oaks thou flyest
To the bright, fragrant South, where winds blow raw not
And want will gnaw not!

O Firebird! how I envy thee thy flight
Southward, by night,
Between reflected stars in lake and stream
And those that gleam
In gorgeous lustre, or alone, on high
In pure, blue sky!
What meteorites, when thou art swift, aloft,
Submerge thee oft
With their green glare! but drown thee not with woe,
As pleasure's glow
Drowns us poor mortals on our earthly flight.
On through the night
Thou speedest, over homes where mothers breast
Their babes to rest,

Repeating sweet words, as the Summer, roses,
Till each dear dozes.

O Firebird! under thy meteoric flight
Gleam Cities bright
In Dippers, Galaxies and Southern Crosses.
The forest tosses
In a wild blaze beneath thee, and beyond,
The pear-shaped pond
Twinkles with oars. Fond lovers hail thee oft,
Then dart aloft
To Floridas of fancy. Thou doest meet
And joyfully greet
The dark blue gulf-stream, wafting warmth along
As thou dost song,
Upon its mission North through icebergs drifting
And huge whales lifting.

O Firebird! cheery is thy note. I know
One, wild with woe,
Who, standing upon a rock, about to leap
In stream—dark, deep,
Heard thee, and paused, then wept back to her home,
No more to roam
From her fond parents, who forgave her fault.
Is to exalt
Benighted mortals not thy mission? Thou
On no one bough
Singest all night, but travelest leagues along,
Dropping sweet song

In sorrowing hearts, like seed on sea-girt islands
Where, on the low and highlands,
Ere long spring branching trees, which blossom and fruit
And take firm root.

O Firebird! though beneath thy carol, deep
Be the world's sleep,
Thy sweet notes mingle with its dreams, yea, soften
The whirlwind often
Into a browsing breeze, with blossoming peach
Above its reach,
The leaf alone within its touch of lip.
Warm fellowship
Exists between thee, Firebird, and the bard.
The world sleeps hard
Beneath his trumpeting, too, when from a height
In Heaven, at night,
He lowers a luminous ladder down to men,
Whose soulless ken
Perceives not they are seraphim, who climb
His thoughts sublime.

O Firebird! when thou, warbling, dost alight
At black midnight
On gable over one with soul deprest,
Thou bringest rest
And inspiration. Never night so blear
But that bright cheer
During some hour melodiously sings
In it and wings

To happier climate. May we have the ear
With which to hear
And eyes with which to see the bird, which passes
O'er the morasses
And woods of life where mystery makes them dark.
Such Faith is. Hark!
See! even as thou melodiously singest
And heavenward wingest!

O Firebird! through the starless night of pain
Great minds maintain
A lofty flight thus to sublimest goal.
Before them roll
Huge clouds, but these they mount, like flashes of light,
Oblivious quite
Of ought except their quest for the orange ranches
Where, on rich branches
Of buds and fruit, they perch, build nests and breed.
Nor does their speed
Cease here, but flashes on, bright with renown,
While earth goes down
In the dark sea with her throngs and the domes they rear,
To reappear,
Sun-like, with gladsome millions, whose deft hand
Redomes the land.

O Firebird! on thy beauty I could gaze
Tireless, whole days,
And through the thickets, woods, could all night long
Follow thy song.

Graceful in movement, as a woman's eyes,
Art thou ; and wise,
For, when alighting on the branch, or ground,
Thou circlest round,
As if suspicious that a snake or snare
Were lurking there.
How sensitive ! a zephyr, weaving its way
From spray to spray,
Would startle thee, like whir of a cruel stone
By urchin thrown,
And make thee flutter off ; and yet thou fearest
Not darkness drearest.

O Firebird ! lovelier than the evening star,
Who, poising afar,
Gazes upon us worldlings for brief space,
Then hides her face
In sadness at the sight of the throngs in strife
For bread, for life,
On hill, in valley, village and in town !
Thou comest down
Among us, like a Cherub with assistance,
Seekest not distance.
Nor dost thou sing alone when fireflies flare
Cloud thick in air,
The glow worms creep and owls have keen, glad eyes ;
For at sunrise,
On tall magnolia or on poplar limb,
Ascends thy hymn.

O Firebird! when I see thy glory drop
On the cedar top,
Like flame from Heaven upon the altar erst,
My soul is athirst
To see Him who has fashioned thee so fine.
Yea, thou dost shine
With thy rare beauty, like the pillar bright,
Which led by night
The Hebrews through the desert, for dost thou
Through night and slough
Lead not to Him before whom falls the sun,
A glow worm dun?
Thou lightest up the way, bright bird, by making
Us, with doubts aching,
Feel that such beatific beauty as thine
Was born divine.

O Firebird! will thy beauty burn away
As breaks the spray,
And thou no more recover comeliness?
Thou who dost bless
Us with bright cheer when we to grief succumb,
Wilt thou lie numb
And shapeless when from nest, the grave, we rise
To Heaven lark-wise,
And have no need of thy kind ministry?
Will God love thee
Less, then, than when He ceased creating the earth
To give thee birth
And lavish loveliness upon thy frame?
"His love is the same

Ever, oh, ever!" in response thou singest
As off thou wingest.

SWEETEST OF CREATURES!

Sweetest of creatures! I have but one dream,
Wake or sleep, that I am at thy side,
Strolling through park, or through grove, or by stream;
Only one longing—to make thee my bride;
Only one dread—that the future may fall
Snow-like and drift thee away from my call.

Sweetest one, hearken! the zephyr of spring
Whispers to daffodils: "Laugh out for mirth,
For the wild winter has broke his black wing,
Beating the sun off from swooping near earth."
Even so thou, with thy language of eyes,
Biddest my daffodil hope to arise.

BROTHER TO THE BIRD AS WELL.

Behold the ant at work! How hard
It struggles with its load up hill!
It climbs each rock which would retard.
Ah, that I had its heart and will!
It ceases not its plucky strain,
But pushes ahead, nor ever in vain.

The tenderest regard for thee
I have, O ant! ah, I, too, shoulder
A load, though less successfully.
I freeze and my grain begins to molder,

Or else a foul bird with a shriek
Snatches it off and leaves me bleak.

Though brother to the ant, still I
Am brother to the bird as well.
O birds, that over the mountains fly!
Do you in purer azure dwell
Than I, who float among bright spheres,
The thoughts of the sages of all the years?
I live two lives: One grovels low
In anguish, while the other flies
In rapture, such as the angels know.
If ant alone—but shut thine eyes
O Soul! from that appalling vision;
Watch only the bird on its flight elysian.

NEW YORK.

Hail fairest of cities! as, in fancy pendant
Above thy roofs and spires, I downward gaze
Upon thy millions, wending their divers ways,
On pleasure, enterprise, or thrift attendant,—
How shine thy "Homes," with charity resplendent,
The grandest temples man to God can raise!
Aye, for when waifs with hunger ache and craze,
Asylums, in the place of spires ascendant,
Send Heavenward luminous shafts of souls redeemed
From want, despair and sin. Since Charity
Hides multitudinous transgressions, thou
Art fairest of the cities ever dreamed
Of by the saint or poet. Ever be
Thou such a grove of luminous shafts as now.

STRANGE TO WITNESS.

I see a strife for the world. The cannons roar
And glare the dark dome red with bursting shell,
And wounded thousands groan, or frenzied yell.
With gleaming blades impetuously pour
The foe on the front, flank, rear, of the Christian corps,
Who, strange to witness, dash not to repel
The furious onslaught, but each other fell
With spear and battle axe beclotted with gore.
The heavens now open ; Nature, awed, stands still,
And softly a voice asks, "Why be militant
With brethten? Peace. He, whom I am well pleased
With, taught, 'Love one another ;' but you kill.
Drop spear and battle axe and charity chant.
No victory till your discords shall have ceased."

RARELY DOES HEAVEN REJOICE.

Gray, venerable shepherds, who have lost
Vast numbers of their flocks along the vale,
Hill side and wood, search not their mazy trail
To fold them from the nightly prowling frost,
But gather jasper, spar, from rock storm tossed,
Or cast up by the freshet through the dale ;
And grand, high temples make they, which no gale
Can drag the roofs from, golden domed and crossed.
Happy are they, but woful are their sheep.
Rarely does Heaven rejoice upon their finding
Of poor, lost lambkins, that the while are winding
Down into the lairs of wolves, or pitfalls deep.
The Shepherd, who for the flock which he was minding
Gave up his life, must, seeing those shepherds, weep.

ENDING THE JEST.

In yonder marble palace, white as snow,
Around long tables, each in sumptuous seat,
Pose men and women, who from silver eat
Ths choicest dainties and hilarious grow.
Outside, the howling winds of want and woe
Scourge fellow-beings, who with shoeless feet
And tattered garments shiver through the street
In search of shelter, groaning as they go.—
"Come out, thou gourmand, ablaze with diamond pin,
And trot off with thy brother, bare of breast!
Come out, proud woman, gemmed and queenly dressed
And sit beside thy sister, famished thin!"
Death calls you out and ends the cruel jest
Of flattering Life *that you are not a kin.*

I LOOK UP AND HOPE.

After the weary day when I recline
Upon a bench beneath the birdful tree,
A wave comes, then a bracing, boundless sea,
Upon whose waves I walk like one Divine,
Fleetly and full of joy. Beneath me shine
Towns, institutions, which humanity
Builds coral-like. What rapture to walk free
On Contemplation's blue and boundless brine!
Oft am I startled, seeing at my feet
The luminous reflex of a sphere, unseen
By science on his Babel, telescope.
Ah! how I long with mine own eyes to greet
That Luminary, which I now can glean
By reflex only! I look up and hope.

MODERN SOCIETY'S PROTOTYPE.

Blue limpid lakes lay in a land of yore,
Environed by high mountains, green with trees.
Upon these waters floated flocks of geese,
As white as the peaks, or the stars that clustered o'er.
There must have been a thousand flocks, or more,
Upon each lake, and long they swam in peace
And grew in beauty; but, as springs the breeze,
A frenzy sprang on them from shore to shore.
Each seized his neighbor by the neck and beat
Him bare of plumage with his wing now red.
They swam no more, but drifted like the dead.
It was a ghastly sight; they would not eat
What nature in the lake and meadow spread,
But deemed each other's life blood much more sweet.

TO HER POSTHUMOUS CHILD.

Sleep, Baby, sleep.
Close your world weared eyes.
Sleep while I weep.
To heaven, love, rise, oh, rise!
Your papa you will know
By his fond gaze, hug, kiss,
And disappearance slow
As you descend from bliss.
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, Baby, sleep.
Oh, that you could reveal
The sights you peep
At, when those sweet smiles steal
Across your pinkish cheek!
Oh, could I only hear
Your papa you hear speak
When you seem listening, dear!
Sleep, Baby, sleep.

Sleep, Baby, sleep.
Sleep, I will let no flies
Across you creep,
For I will net you nice.
Sleep, I will let no rays
Down dazzle your heavenly flight,
Or freckle your pretty face,
And I will rock all night.
Sleep, Baby, sleep.

Sleep, Baby, sleep.
Oh, how resist a kiss?
But I will creep
Off, not disturb his bliss.
Puss, walk your softest. Dick,
There's sugar, hush your peek.
How loud the clock's click, click!
Now cradle hush your creak.
Sleep, Baby, sleep.

TO A YELLOW COAXER.

Wee, yellow, innocent Siren! hush, be still.
Why art thou so bewitching a beseecher
To kindred *on the wave?* No, guileless creature!
The inspiration of thy amorous thrill
Is not to coax from woodland, meadow, rill,
And from the nest on willow where no reacher
Can place his hand, touch egg or wide-mouthed screecher,
Glad birds to share thy cell at gable sill,
'Mid lattice work of shadows from cherry limb.
In thy clear eye lurks no intent malicious.
Thou leapest so wild in cage with snapping lock,
I ween thou longest for the fields, now dim
In memory, and dost sing of fondest wishes
To mate free, yea, and migrate with thy flock.

DECORATION DAY.

Rolls the echoing boom.
See! the flowers by veterans shed
On our Country's Tomb,
Mount like clouds, white, golden, red,
Green, pink, purple, on the sun
When through rain his race is run.

The Divine appears,
Pleads with heaven for peace below.
We grow dim with tears
For the slain, both friend and foe.
Ah, the foe were brothers brave!
Grief will ever green their grave.

Fragrance rises where
Sickening gun-smoke, bomb-shells rose ;
Where were yells is prayer ;
Friends stand where stood fiercest foes ;
And where Thralldom ruled with hound,
Freedom, cheered by all, sits crowned.

THE POET.

A new Creation does the poet find
At every glance. Sublime horizons spread
Fresh, gorgeous clouds at his each turn, each tread.
New glories he discerns in human kind,
Seeing the spirit, which is ever inclined
To noble effort, though the flesh hang dead
And be a vulture's prey. When epochs shed
Old creeds, or customs, as the fruit the rind,
He views not only the molding but the flowering,
And chants for joy. Down into the germ, or cell,
He looks and finds, as in an artesian well,
A starry field. Oft, 'mid the blackest showering
That deluges earth, he stands forth luminous,
Shines with the Sun whose rays yet reach not us.

TO THE ENTRAPPED YELLOW BIRD.

Fly, fluttering creature, fly !
Lose not the woods and sky.
Go, let glad Morning fling
Her gold dust on thy wing,
Thou by the brook on a bushy scup
Imbibing thine own image up.

Fly, lest thy mother worry,
Upset the nest. Oh, hurry!
May not she, flurrying wild,
Dash out her sickly child
Who, restless, climbeth up the nest?
Fret pales thy mother's wing and breast.

Thy brothers, in their play
About the lilac spray,
Are timider than ever.
Their handsome, bold and clever
Big brother is not there to lead,
And father is off for worm and weed.

He comes now, hear his shriek!
The worm drops from his beak.
He circles about us, leaping
From ground to tree and peeping.
Were I away, how he with rage
Would beat his wing against this cage!

Why are thy wings so strong?
To scatter pearls of song
Along the lake and field
Where farmers mow, concealed
By the tall hay; not for a nook
To be—aye, crushed, like buds in a book.

THE MYTHS OF GREECE.

Dead are thy Deities, beautiful Greece!
Gorgeous embodiments they, of thy wishes,
Fancies and hopes, thy heart yearning for peace.
Beautiful, horrible, virtuous, vicious,

Thou wert, O Land! and thy gods were the same;
Beauty, however, was crowned King of both.
Time set thy temples, homes, Heavens aflame,
Perished thy gods under earth's overgrowth.

Perished have they? They are bough's phosphorescent
Shining 'mid forest in distant dim cave
Down—oh! abysmally deep from the Present,
Jut where we watch from and, wistful, hands wave.

Boughs phosphorescent, bright Myths, ye illumine
Unto us Greece with its woodlands supernal,
Light up a Nation of struggling, great, true men,
Hold it aloft out of darkness eternal.

SWEET LADY, CEASE THY SINGING.

Sweet lady! cease thy singing. I have lain
Here in this hammock half this sunless day
Hopeless and still, as a frozen-hearted jay,
Bold pioneer in lone advance of the train
Of flowers and vernal warblers. It is pain
To me to hear thy joyous, amorous lay
Rising and falling, even as fountain spray,
In this night air, when I must ever remain
In infinite distance from the beaming eyes,
The red, melliferous lips, the cheeks just fair,
The smile entrancing and the queenly air,
Which vividly before my vision rise.
Yet sees not, for thy voice dispels despair,
Singing of love and gallant enterprise.

THE BIRDS AT MORN.

I stroll by the Hudson side,
  While from the ocean the tide
And sun, and the birds in song
  From nests, arise, and long
I loiter, hid by briar and rock,
  To watch the cataract fall of a flock
Of all hued birds on the ground,
  On boughs and all bushes around
The brooklet, where they slake
  Their thirst, and, bathing, shake
White showerlets from their flaming crests,
  Their pinions blue, or yellow breasts.

With radiant plumage, they
  Besparkle, like rainbow spray
About a waterfall.
  One flies with a call, then all
Ascend a column grand,
  Like sun lit spiral sand
In desert. See ! in flocks they break
  And courses eastward, westward, take,
Dropping on meadow and grain
  As thick as the atoms of rain
From sultry clouds, upon whose trails
  Come days with troops of freshening gales.

A SPRING SONG.

It is spring and I must sing
With the brooklet, bee and bird,
And must flower with ground and bower.
With new life my soul is stirred.
Ice is past that long and fast
Held the Falls of hope suspended.
How they cast their volumes vast,
Roar, spread, are with bloomage blended!

Flowerets fair rise everywhere.
Children! go and gather them.
Be aware, Time stoops to tear
Glad hours quickly from the stem.
Pure, bud-wise, may we all rise
So that angels, sent to bind
What is beauteous in God's eyes,
Shall not pass us like the wind.

NEVER THUS IN OUR NEW LAND.

In each old land see millions delving deep
With pick and shovel after minerals rare;
Upon the sunny, pure, salubrious air
They turn their backs and famish. Oft they heap
Dead comrades mountain high before they reap
A glimpse of what they seek. At last they share
The trophies. Who? The workers? Do they wear
The diamond, and the dust and nuggets keep?

Or is it rather not the few who stand
  Idly on top at beck of some crowned head?
Idly! Ah, no! with axes, smoky and red,
  They crush the skulls of each ascending band
And spoliate the dying and the dead.
  It never must be thus in our new land.

NOT STONE, NOR FLOWER, NOR LEAF.

Illustrious soldier! who at Riverside
Sleepest in breathless peace, where up and down
Beside thy tomb the Hudson solemnly treads,
Like Sentinel, the live long day and night,
Relieved not by the stars, nor moon, nor sun,
I join the throng about thy vaulted couch,
Offer the tribute of my gratitude,
And, as memento of my pilgrimage,
Carry away not stone, nor flower, nor leaf;
Nor inspiration to act gallantly
In vanguard in the strife for Fatherland,
As these gay striplings, prating at my side
With voices cracking hoarse with wakening manhood,
May carry to their homes and long preserve;
For, ah! no vanguard, action, ever for me;
But a weird vision I bring home and keep
Vivid before me—that of thy rescuing
Our young Republic from abyssmal doom.

See! Mutiny, which has unhinged and broken
Her pilot wheels and has unlinked her chains,
With wildest shrieks is reddening deep her deck,
Heaping the dead in zigzag, ghastly drifts,

And crimsoning her wake from shore to shore.
The brink! the brink! across it she has shot
Her bowsprit from the water, as an arrow
From bow, and is about to plunge on the rocks,
When, like a mighty wind from heaven, thy genius
Comes, fills her sails and drives her—sweeps her back
With silvery trail into the calm, blue stream
Where not a tributary to a vortex,
But where it branches off through meades, woods, quarries,
Where farmers plow and feed the ground with seed,
The birds chirp cheerily, fond mothers smile
As their smart boys and girls run off to school;
Where lumbermen cut down and raft big trees
To build up towns with, and where quarrymen
Blast granite huge that architects and sculptors
May beautify—aye, and immortalize—
Our cities with great temples, dedicated
With priestly rite and popular procession
To God, Art, Science, and Philanthropy.

OH, MORE THAN LOVELY, LEAL!

Dost thou ask, Love,
Why a coy smile plays
Round my mouth and face,
When I bask, Love,
In the peace which radiates
From thy beauty, as from rose,
Fragrance, when gray twilight snows
Heaven in with its golden gates,
Towers and walls, and darkens the woods

Where the warblers, snug with their broods,
Nest and rest from fear and feuds?

I confess, Love,
If a coy smile plays
Round my mouth and face,
When I press, Love,
Thine soft hand, or lay my cheek
Over thine, as petals fold
O'er each other from the cold,
When bats flit and Heaven is bleak,
'Tis a gleam of the joy I feel,
Knowing thou, my goal, ideal,
Art—Oh, more than lovely, leal!

YE WRETCHES WHO BURN GRAIN!

In the Missouri valley and on plain
At nightfall barns burst crimson, set ablaze*
By speculators, who, delighted, gaze
At the red heavens, and smile as over the slain
Smiles steel, or lightning, when a glimpse they gain
Of the large cities East, where women ply
The needle unavailingly and sigh
With shadowy babes upon their breasts in vain
For sustenance, and men, gaunt featured, fall
In faint or spasm upon the street when, crazed
With hunger, they choke pride and beg for bread,
Or, beast like, into a loathsome cellar crawl.
Ye wretches who burn grain to have rates raised!
May vultures that now scent you soon be fed.

* The barn burning symbolizes "cornering."

GIRL AND WOMAN.

White as flax her hair is,
And with blushing, dimpling cheek,
Not with voice, does she now speak,
While most coy her air is,
When accosted by a stranger.
Is the hare, which sniffles danger
Ceaselessly, in dark or glare,
In the clover field, or slope of snow,
Timider and Adilaire?
She is doubtful whether she
Has the right, or no, to be
Anywhere so ever she may go.

Lo! her flaxen hair has
Brown become, and how commanding
Is her mien among men, standing,
Each of whom a kingly air has!
Oh, how quick girl grows to woman!
See! her large blue eyes sail through men
To their hearts, thoughts innermost,
As a jay through frost to buds of spring.
Now, like dauntless chief of host
Reconnoitering town or wood,
Gallops she in joyful mood
To commanding peaks in everything.

FAIR FREEDOM.

Freedom fair, of Heavenly birth,
Was a wanderer long on earth.

With a pale and haggard face
She was cast from every place,
Though, at first, her path was strewn
By young girls with flowers of June,
And with shout, oration, song,
Thunderously loud and long
She was welcomed by the throng ;
This was ere the king grew strong.

Freedom fair, divine of birth,
Lives celestially on earth.
Never in her thought, speech, deed,
Would she stoop from Heaven to feed
On the glow-worm, gold or guile ;
Therefore monarch, cruel, vile,
Drove her forth to perish drear
In the sea ; but she came here
To our forest, mountain, mere,
Where she dwells and knows not fear.

FREEDOM'S RESTING GROUND.

O Land, where Freedom, fugitive
On earth so long, delights to live
'Mid mountains where at morn the snow
Reddens, and, when the sun falls low,
Pales into stars above the plains,
Guiding a thousand immegrant trains
With scouts alert for wolves, wild cattle,
Or Indians creeping along to battle—
How we rejoice that Freedom has found
In thee eternal resting ground !

O Land, where our ancestors bold
Found warm, snug shelter from the cold,
  Which then in Europe numbed with thrall
  The hands, feet, brains, nay, souls of all ;
And where our fathers in the field
Of conflict bled, but would not yield
  To savage or to foreign foe,
  And drove each back with deadly blow—
  How we rejoice that Freedom has found
  In thee eternal resting ground !

O Land, where soon our fathers spread
From sea cost to the river's head,
  Across the mountains, through the woods,
  Over the streams, swamps, solitudes,
The Mississippi, prairie land,
The Rockies and Sierras grand,
  Until they reach the flaming West
  To share with the sun and Pacific, rest—
How we rejoice that Freedom has found
In thee eternal resting ground !

O Land, where millions come by sea
From every clime rejoicingly,
  And where they on our prairies, through
  Which mighty rivers, dark, green, blue,
Dash toward the Gulf, or ocean wide,
Build towns, impregnably fortified
  With temples, schools, courts, factories, marts
  And fanes for science and the arts—
How we rejoice that Freedom has found
In thee eternal resting ground !

O Land, where men make their own law,
Have no armed force to overawe,
  Have no old, fierce feuds to renew
  But only high aims to pursue,
And, aye, ten hundred millions strong,
A giant grand, will be ere long,
  And, overshadowing every clime,
  Will bring earth back her halcyon time—
How we rejoice that Freedom has found
In thee eternal resting ground!

WILLIE LAY A DYING.

Far down town in Grandma's house
  Willie lay a dying. Latticed sun rays lit his brows
Sisters stood around him sighing.
  Up he rose and shouted "hey!"
Whistled then thrice shrilly.
  Back he fell, and ah! when they
Felt his forehead, it was chilly.

"He was wandering," murmured they;
  "Well 'tis mother is away."

He was wandering—hasting gay
  To his home in Bloomingdale,
As he used each Saturday
  After work when he was hale.
At the old familiar sound
  Stood the mother stunned on stair.
"May the Stage for Glory bound
  Stop and take him," was her prayer.

THE NUBIAN, GREEK AND JEW.

The Nubian, with black shining skin,
Sits half hid in white sand,
Greeting the warm sun with a grin.
He scoops deep with his hand
For tortoise egg, or buried bird,
Or spawn, that he may bite.
In him mind has no more than stirred.
He grins at the Sun for its light
And heat—the log fire builded high
In the thick jungle of night,
Whose cold and darkness, tigers sly,
Skulk off. He laughs outright
When polished Greek with rapture cries:
"The Sun how beauteous! So
Did civilizing Egypt rise,
Whose roseate setting glow
Is in the strata under you."
The Nubian understands
The Greek, as much as the Greek, the Jew,
Pure soul, who lifts his hands
Up to the Sun, exclaiming: "Hail
Rapt Seraph, who dost see
God in His glory void of vail!
What thou art I shall be."

THE DEATH OF SAPHO.

Sapho, deserted by Phaon, the bold,
Stands on the rock where the wild billows shriek.
Well does she know a cadaverous cheek
Never rekindles a lover grown cold;

Hence she will plunge in the sea from the rock.
Trembles not she, but stands firm on the brink ;
Firm as a vessel a-settling to sink.
Wherefore survive, for do brooklets not mock
Her with her image, her lustreless eyes?
Hearken ! she utters her thoughts with deep sighs.

"Over thee, Phaon, whose burnished, proud shield
Mirrors another, mere infant, tall grown,
Rose with the dews of the morning unblown !
Sapho has poured all her passion, revealed
Unto none other her sunlight ; as Spring
Scatters her beauties profusely on ground
Welling in desert, though many leagues round
There is no tree for the bird's weary wing,
Or for the camel to rest and quench drouth.
Me thou didst love not, but only my youth !

"Death ! thou alone art not fickle, art best.
Into thy bosom this ravenous child,
Hungry with knowing life, plunges now wild,
Ne'er to be weaned from oblivion, thy zest.
Protean Shadow ! no form couldst thou take
Grander than ocean with welcoming arms.
Ocean ! so manifold now are thy charms,
Fain would I wed thee. Oh ! may I awake
Up as a Niard, with moss wreath my brow—
Moss that grows greener. Ye gods ! I leap now.'

Down does she plunge, as a diver for pearls ;
Aye, for the pearl of perpetual peace.
Once she was fairest, most graceful of girls ;
Led she the mystical dances with ease.

Followed by thousands of virgins, young men,
Phaon among then, all chanting her ode,
Over this meadow and sea shore. If then
Hermes had warned her desertion would goad
Her to this plunge, oh, how she would have laughed,
Dashed from his fingers the cup! how have quaffed?

BEWITCHING SLEEP.

Bewitching sleep! come, take me by the hand
And lead me out of darkness into dreams,
Where I am free, as speckled trout in streams
Gushing blue, lucid, over yellow sand
From peaks where, all year round, the snow smiles bland
At Sol's behest to march before his beams,
Like a sad race, made captive. Oh, for the gleams
Of spring a-breaking through the cloud-like land!
Oh! let me see once more those clouds a-breaking,
And let me wander, like an antelope,
Through gleams of grass and flowers along the slope,
Plateau and valley; for my heart is aching
With my drear isolation even from hope
Of meeting Beauty and her warm hand taking.

YOU, OF COURSE, SHAKE YOUR HEAD.

Thousands of ants are alive at your feet;
Thrifty are they, and to them life is sweet.
You might destroy them with even one tread,
But would you try? You, of course, shake your head.

Think you the Father, in sunny, blue sky,
Under whose love we, in ant masses, vie
Madly and blind with each other for bread,
Ever could crush us from hope with His tread?

Think not, O Brother! the peoples of earth
Go down forever in darkness and dearth;
Bending above them, God, sun like, will break
Softly the bread of His light for their sake.

A RAINY DAY IN THE GROVE.

Yonder the yellow bird and blue
Fly, flashing their wings. Let us pursue
Them to the grove where trees
Stand humbly, casting down their eyes,
Leaves, like our parents in Paradise,
Receiving God's decrees.

The day is dark with rain and cloud,
And yet the birds sing sweet and loud
On many a dripping limb.
The robin, red cap, thrush and wren
Sing "God be praised," chirp low "Amen,"
Thrill "Glory unto Him."

How solemnly they chant! Like choir
Of saintly nuns in dark attire,
Each in her hidden Stall,
In Lent, when purple hides from sight
The scenes, which made their eyes gleam bright,
Hanging on Chapel wall,

Like nuns indeed, for see! the shower
Walls them in from the world, field, flower,
  Brook, sunlight, vale and hill.
Ah! that we could, when woes descend
Like rain, with those glad songsters blend
  In sweet praise of God's will.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

Under the Scales in the air,
  Dipping from ocean to ocean,
Millions with blaze and with blair,
  Heave with volcanic commotion.
Over those scales the supreme
  Will of the people is Zeus,
Holding the lightning from gleam,
  Thunderbolt dreadful when loose.

Citizens all, one by one,
  Highten and drop in their paper;
Down sinks one scale like the Sun,
  Up goes the other like vapor.
When the result is made known,
  How the volcanoes subside,
Scarcely disturbing a stone,
  Making great Zeus smile with pride!

Thee we revere, O Supreme
  Will of the people, O Zeus!
Hold in thy lightning from gleam,
  Let not thy thunderbolt loose
Ever while high in the air

Glitter those scales, aye, unless
Fraud, the bold Titan, be there,
Step on one scale to depress.

AS THE JAY LEADS EARTH.

List ! sings she like rose-burrowing bees,
While readying up the house,
Dusting the books. White blossoming trees
Between us spread their boughs.
I slacken reign and let the mare
Slope her black mane and graze
To hark, Love, to thy charming air
To one of my amorous lays.

Thy voice how thrilling rich and soft !
It flames my soul. Oh, how
Resist a climb on the vine aloft
To reach thy lips and brow !
I must be calm. The day is set
When we, Love, shall be one—
Though seems a fixed star that can get
No nearer, not a Sun.

Thou singest, Dear, of love, hope bright,
And how our hearts rejoice
As we both watch that star each night.
Oh, Love ! with thy sweet voice
Thou leadest Heavenward, as the jay
Leads with its caroling
The snow blind earth to feel her way
To flowery, fragrant Spring.

BY THE TORN TWIN OAKS.

Dear Love of mine, I long to meet
  Thy face so radiantly fair,
Thy voice so soft, thy smile so sweet,
  Thy sparkling eyes, vivacious air.
Like tides the days flow in and out,
  Yet bring no sail, nor wreck, but doubt.

Oh! just to touch those lips of thine,
  And with my arm around thee stray
Down where with phosphorescence shine
  The torn twin oaks, and there to stay
Until the dark grain fields all glow
  With moonlight, as with a fall of snow.

If thou hast sailed to lands remote
  From love of me, fond Love of mine,
Why not dispatch a dove with note?
  I then would know my fate and thine.
Oh! how couldst thou have crossed the sea
  Without one wave of the hand to me?

The torn twin oaks, which lightning split,
  I nightly visit, cloud or shine,
And watch the rays their barks emit.
  A star falls and I *wish* thee mine.
A leaf stirs, and I strain my ear
  For thy fond footstep drawing near.

Am I dead, too, dead as this tree—
Dead to thy heart—dear Love of mine?
What! is my hope of meeting thee
Again, dead phosphorescent shine?
Then, here by these lifeless, shining trees
'Tis meet I make my mound, seek peace.

KATYDIDS.

What did Katy do, or say,
That you should create a clatter?
Every evening you waylay,
First depress me and then flatter.
Some declare "She did." Did what?
Tear my picture, gift, or letter?
Murmur that she loved me not,
Or she loved another better?
"Katy didn't" afar and nigh
All the rest, indignant, cry.

"Katy did," again I hear
Through the thickets down the lane
To the gate, from which I see her
Coming, though clouds threaten rain.
"Katy didn't," reverberate
Thousands up the hill behind.
Insects, hold your taunting prate,
Hush you mockers of my mind!
For is she not coming fleetly
For a walk and smiling sweetly?

TOO CLEAR TO IGNORE.

In a dory I drift ;
  Not a sail I espy,
Nor an island, blue clift,
  Nor a star in the sky ;
But the sweetest faint note
  Of a grove bird I hear,
Hence I hopefully float
  For I know land is near.

If the warbler aloft
  Let not fall his land note
On me, dashed up and troughed,
  How help plunge from the float
There I starve as I drift
  And no sail can espy,
Nor an island, blue clift,
  Nor a star in the sky ?

The low note is the voice
  Of the Spirit, God, Love,
Saying, " Driftling ! rejoice,
  There is harbor Above."
And that voice, in despite
  Of the thunder, sea roar,
All the howlings of night,
  Is too clear to ignore.

Though in billow and gust
I must lap up the rain,
Eat the hardest of crust,
I shall trustful remain.
Let the waves wash across,
Sweep off joy, roaring dread,
I shall follow my loss
Not, but hope, look ahead.

ON SHORE WITH A FLAMBEAU.

When pensive, despondent, I slacken my oar,
Not caring much whither I drift; the wild roar
Of the ocean alarms not, nor whirlpool in stream;
But soon a voice comes, like St. Elmo's mast gleam,
A brightening my face, and my darling I see
On shore with a flambeau a beckoning to me.

To me, Love, no ocean on earth is so wide,
But gently thy accent comes over the tide;
And though in the weeds or the yeast of mid sea,
With waterspouts whirling between us, I be,
I row and with flashes of lightning I reach
My darling with flambeau and smile on the beach.

With thee, Love, I wander through meadow, up hill,
To see the far city like tombstone, white, still,
And sleeping buds waken with glorified eyes
When Dawn, the Archangel, blows light trumpet wise;
As waken hope, rapture, entombed in my breast,
The moment thy image comes down from the Blest.

SHERIDAN AT WINCHESTER.

Through his wild, routed men he spurs his steed,
  Flashing his sword and shouting. On he flies
Through mounds of wounded men, whose darkening eyes
  Flicker, beholding him. Hordes, that stampede
Like cattle, halt, and his bold "Forward!" heed;
  His presence lights the field up like sunrise.
  He meets the foes and takes them by surprise
Abruptly, as were they asleep, indeed,
  In shade of oak or cedar, each with brow
Or bearded chin on hand, or face toward ground,
Dreaming of home with wife and child around.
  Where are the foes that were triumphant? How,
Though echoes of their glad shouts still resound
  In wood and vale, they fly all shattered now!

O HOPE!

My doom was first a crushing stone,
  Beneath which I in helpless plight
Lay on the ground. From my sad moan
  And sight of me Hope took to flight,
Ran weeping to a darkening glen;
Nor came she unto me again.

I struggled. Oh! how lie supine
  Without Hope bending low with cheer?
O Hope! when that far sight of thine
  Could see no help approaching near,
It was thou spedest off, and then
That vowed I we should meet again.

I rose and desperation lighted
My way up with incessant flaring.
One moment sunned, the next benighted,
Through field and fen I hastened, caring
But little when I fell and bled
My eager foot, or throbbing head.

Reaching at last auroral skies,
I saw pale Hope ,astounded, stand,
Gazing at me with tear bright eyes.
I kissed her mouth, then took her hand ;
She fixed on me her starry stare,
For how could I, stoned down, be there ?

O Hope ! I know not. All I know,
I could not rest when thou wert fled.
I, wild with my Promithean throe,
Sprang up. The echo of thy tread
I followed till I found thee here
Beneath this dawn which blooms forth clear.

O Hope, O gentle, patient Hope,
Who seest afar, as from a peak,
When I in gulch or valley grope !
Be thou with me when, old and weak,
I totter along ; with cheer bend low
When I fall stiff in the deluging snow.

THE DIVINE ONE.

In this dark, misty world, at times, appear
Divine Souls, who with the light of a loftier sphere
  Are luminous and draw vast throngs of men,
  Women and children to the mount, or glen,
From town and seaside, grief, despair and greed.
They draw less by bright word than with warm deed.

About us clamor teachers, who declare
Their light divine effulgence, though their flare
  Is only as phosphoresence on the bark
  Of lifeless oak in the forest, dense and dark.
They do no deed divine, hence, multitudes
Follow them not to the mountain or the woods.

Along dark time how few with acts divine
Are luminous! But, oh! how many shine
  With phosphorescence in the dark and rain!
  Round these dead shining trees men wail with pain,
And, shoulder-deep in the fathomless quicksands,
Wave, till submerged. their frantic, surgelike hands.

See the divine one! by the wrist he seizes
And drags up each unfortunate, then eases
  The sore, bruised body on a bed of grass.
  Look! countless thousands follow through morass
And over mountains, deserts, night and day,
This teacher, and remain with him alway.

OH, FOR DREAMLESS REPOSE!

I am fatigued and long for dreamless sleep.
What have I to awake for? Pleasures, being
A herd of fleet-foot creatures, ever fleeing
From man, come not within my range, but keep
Off on the plains where hunters, galloping, sweep
Round curves, up hills, to them converging. Seeing
The millions chasing, aye, and capturing, gleeing,
And knowing that my steed, my fate, will leap
Upon his feet no more, but feed the crows—
That I am doomed to join not in the chase—
I fling myself down heavily on my face
And cry out childlike, "Oh, for dreamless repose!"
Not that I envy them, at easy pace,
Who, trophied, passed me at each evening's close.

TOO LATE.

Dearest, hide one kiss
In your lips, hot, crimson.
Henceforth, hope of bliss
Is to me a dim sun
Without heat, or radiant glare.
Oh, how part from one so fair?

Darling, why not speak?
Dazed you gaze and tremble.
You with hot, red cheek
Cannot love dissemble;

Say not we have met too late ;
May not Fate re-ope her gate ?

If, Love, we must part,
Then, before we sever
Heart from clinging heart,
Grant one kiss, and never
Shall its pressure lose its form
From my mouth, or grow less warm.

COME, BREAK OFF FROM THE HUNT.

Come, break off from the hunt, from hound and blair,
And up the mountain of reflection pace.
Let the wild World go on its break-neck chase
After the fox, elk, buffalo and bear.
We will catch up ; if not, what need we care ?
The horn of elk, or tail of fox, may grace
Our porch, or gate, and bison hide encase
Our flesh from beak and claw of the swooping air ;
But what all these to the ecstacy of eyeing
The spirits conflict with Adversity ?
Which on this mountain we can vividly see
In the black field of cloud—the red foe flying,
And though returning, wavelike, crashingly,
Back beaten by the Soul, God glorifying.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE CHILDREN, JANE?

What shall we do with the children, Jane?
No habitable house
In Gotham can we now obtain,
Except they get a douse—
Say, from the Bridge, or in the sewer,
Or in a tank are drowned.
Since children should, like dogs, be fewer,
We need a children's pound.

What shall we with the children do,
With Katie, Jack and Tot?
Our Country may want them, 'tis true,
But landlords, Jane, do not.

From East to West, street after street,
From Bowling Green to the Height,
Have I not trudged to find a suite
Of rooms, broad, airy and bright,
Without contagion lurking near,
Which might infect our Kate
Or cherub Tot through eye or ear?
But, Jane, 'twas fighting Fate.

What shall we with the children do,
With Katie, Jack and Tot?
Our Country may want them, 'tis true,
But landlords, Jane, do not.

One lady with white ringlets said
  Quite blandly, "I presume
My regulations you have read,
  Which dogs and children doom."
I answered that my dears were each
  As mild and sweet as a rose
And did not fight, climb, scratch, nor screech,
  Walked always on tip-toes.

What shall we with the children do,
  With Katie, Jack and Tot?
Our Country may want them, 'tis true,
  But landlords, Jane, do not.

Another woman, slim as a snake,
  And just as baneful, too,
Bit me, which made me swell and ache,
  With this remark most true:
"Sir, marriage has its dismal side
  As well as bright, for when
Folks have a drove, they must abide
  Not in house but pen."

What shall we with the children do,
  With Katie, Jack and Tot?
Our Country may want them, 'tis true,
  But landlords, Jane, do not.

I told the next one, sour of face,
  Tall, ugly, curt and portly
That hers was a delightful place
  For people married shortly—

(Five minutes by the old church spire.)
She said : "My regulations
Necessitate me to inquire
If you have expectations."

What shall we with the children do,
With Katie, Jack and Tot?
Our Country may want them, 'tis true,
But landlords, Jane, do not.

Dear Jane, as we must live somewhere,
Let us begin to pack
Kate with her smile and golden hair,
Bright, curly-headed Jack,
And Tot a-sucking her big toe,
That we may have them drowned
To please our Herods. *You* must go
With them to the children's pound.

What shall we with the children do,
With Katie, Jack and Tot?
Our Country may want them, 'tis true,
But landlords, Jane, do not.

THE SECRET GRAVE.

Hid by shrubbery from the gaze
Of companions, standing nigh,
Is the grave, where oft one lays
Down his heart and fain would die.

Weeping willows overflow
Yellow branches, like a fountain,
At this grave, in vale below,
Or on shore, plateau or mountain.

Who has not a secret grave,
Which he visits stealthily,
And, although his heart be brave,
Does not there let tears flow free?

From the dearest friend he steals
To the grave to plant fresh flowers;
Then with hand-hid face, he kneels,
Inconsolable for hours.

Oft the face that sleeps below
Is his Love, for aye departed.
To the grave how help but go
From the throng, when broken hearted?

Or the closed brown eyes beneath
Are his mother's, pure and good,
Though her name he may not breathe,
Save in his heart's solitude.

As he gazes on those eyes,
They reopen, and a light
Flashes from them to the skies,
Where it shines both day and night.

Weeping willows, overflow
  Yellow branches, like a fountain,
At this grave, by fog, nor snow,
  Hidden, nor by sea, nor mountain.

THE POET'S TOWER.

Above this world the poet builds a tower
  Of numerous stories, each with balcony.
Few of the crowd climb to the top and see
  The glory of creation and the power
  Exhibited by man in his brief hour.
'Tis well they climb one story even; breathe free
From stifling care—admire the fountain, tree,
  Children at play and lovers near a bower.
The bright horizon broadens from each story;
  From sea to sea beams cities; pole to pole,
Extend white peaks; men war and Thrall is slain:
  The Seasons rise and fall in tidal glory;
And on through time the Eagles, mind and soul,
  With our land soar and the loftiest flight maintain

ACROSS THE GREATEST OF LANDS.

Bright yellow birds! ye ride upon the air
  As on a billow, up and down, so gay
  From dawn to sunset—till the clouds wax gray
From orange, crimson, green and purple glare—
That, while I envy not, I fain would share
  Your southward flight to reedy stream, or bay;
  Or westward, where great peaks would from glad day
Head night off; as with shoulder-reaching hair,

White like their beards down bosoms, lifting their hands,
Tall shepherds their black shaggy sheep divide
From frisking white flocks, fresh from shears and shore.
Oh! for a flight across the greatest of lands,
Nay, back to its birth, when it dashed oceans aside,
You glaring tigers which still cringe with awe.

THE HYMENEAL MORN.

"Happy the bride the sun shines on."

Green, pink and purple bloom the skies;
Fragrance breathes everywhere;
The robins sing, "Arise! arise!"
Come bask in the sunny air."
The dew, glad tears of the flowerets, gleam;
The swallow twitters along the ground;
The cocks crow loud, round after round,
And farmer lads run after the team,
Let out all night; and still you dream
On with shut eyes, as were this morn
Muggy and black, of all hope snorn.

The goldfinch sings, "Arise! arise!
Come bask in the freshening air."
The dream which fascinates your eyes
Cannot be half so fair
As yonder mountain slope, where strays
Your lover after flowers—the rarest—
To deck your breast with on this fairest
Of mornings when, as the Church chime plays,
He leads you up the aisle in the gaze
Of fond companions, who confess
You charm them in your bridal dress.

The linnet sings, "Arise! arise!
Come bask in the glorious air."
The fatherly Sun stoops from the skies
And puts his hand on your hair.
His dazzling fingers touching your eyes,
You spring to the window sill and, when
No cloud is seen foreboding rain
And sad career in the pure blue skies,
What fancies, Birds of Paradise
In plumage and skylarks in song,
Rise from your bosom, heavenward throng!

The birds all sing, "Arise! arise!
Come bask in the joyous air."
But ah! no finch nor robin flies
In air so joyous as where
Your hopes and fancies sing and soar,
While you, at the lifted window, stand,
Resting your cheek upon your hand,
Heedless of your night garb, loose hair.
You fall on your knees in the flame of prayer;
Tears fill your eyes and sighs obtrude
As you take leave of maidenhood.

The roses whisper, "Arise! arise!
Like us, come, sweeten the air."
The violets with tremulous eyes
Look up. Rise, maiden fair!
Ere long the maids will come to cull
The orange blossoms and array you.
The groom will ask, what can delay you?

What, on your bridal morn look dull?
True, breaking from home is sorrowful;
  Ay, 'tis sad, when outward steering,
  To see your old home disappearing.

"Rise, Sister, rise!" your brother cries
  At the door. "The morn is fair;
No crow caws in the field, or
  Skies; no cloud broods anywhere.
Arise! to arrange your locks and array
  Yourself in style will take, you know,
  As long, as a morning-glory to blow
From shut bud into a dawn of day.
If you be late, what will folks say?
  A tardy bride forebodes more ill
  Than torrents, or though salt should spill."

Your bright flocks sing, "Arise! arise!
  Come bask in rapturous air;"
But, maiden! what so terrifies
  You, makes you southward stare?
What! that mere speck?—It larger grows
  'Tis true; and darkening, stretches over
  The mountain, wood and field of clover,
Where cattle graze and a brooklet flows;
But ah! your face now radiant glows,
  For into pigeons, white and blue,
  The clouds break, carrying joy to you.

The pigeons coo, "Arise! arise!
  Alighting everywhere
On grass, tree, shrub, like snow from the skies;
  The Sun has a dazzling flare;

Yet ah! that orb which kills decay,
Perpetuates life everywhere,
Is no sublimer, maiden fair,
Than you and your lover, gifted, gay,
Bold, handsome, upright, just alway,—
Who will perpetuate the grace,
Beauty and virtue of our race.

THE MILLER MOTH.

O Miller Moth! as white as flour,
Into my room thou flutterest
From moonless night and quickening shower.
The wildest fowl is in his nest,
Yet thou art out! like lady fair
To meet her lover, bold and true,
Who will embosom her fore'er;
Or like a damsel, pale with rue,
Ringing her hands and wandering daft,
With startled eyes before and aft.

Not to snare thee did I fling wide
The shutters, lift the window case,
But to trap breezes, which outside
Like snow birds gave each other chase.
Seeing the storm, I dimmed the room,
Aye, to enjoy the lightning's glare.
Thou camest through the flash and gloom
To me for shelter from the hail,
Last straggler, seeking the lost sun's trail.

O Moth, as frail as the flake of snow
  Which melts on a baby's smilelit cheek!
Thou art my welcome guest. Fly low!
  I chase thee, not to crush thee bleak
Between the pages of a book,
  But just to feel thy velvet form,
Then help thee find a cozy nook
  On shelf or cornice, till the storm
Shall have blown off. Poor outcast! stray
  Not out again till break of day.

Bright Moth, pure spirit of the worm,
  Which groveled on the ground and grass,
Though thou no longer needs must squirm,
  Through trials thy higher life must pass.
With our transcendent life of thought,
  So is it, too; we leap the bound
Which stems the senses, but are caught
  By dark doubt oft and driven astray
To trudge through rain till break of day.

FAIR RIVERSIDE.

Fair Riverside!
Among thy bushes dense it was my joy
  At morn to hide
And catch with cage green finches, when a boy,
  Or list to linnet, perched on lofty limb;
  Then stroll thy beach, row, barb for eels, or swim.

Fair Riverside!
Thy tallest trees it was my joy to climb,
And with what pride
I lifted the nest of robins!—hardly a crime,
For from harsh storm I put them under cover
And served their wants, as might a slave, or lover.

Fair Riverside!
Upon thy rock, or hill, how oft at eve
I, rapture-eyed,
Beheld the Sun, Redeemer-like, take leave
Of sorrowing earth, with kindliest face toward her
And promise to come back, her solacer.

Fair Riverside!
Now, since the Sun, who resurrects each day
All glorified
From tomb-like sea, comes near me with no ray,
My Sisters come, in his Heavenly stead, along
With me to thy grove of fragrance and bird song.

Fair Riverside!
Beneath thy trees we sit and, reading, heed
Not hours that glide
Through sunshine; only when on galloping steed
Night comes a-shadowing, scaring to barn and nook
The fowl and cattle, do we close the book.

Fair Riverside!
Oft do we turn a leaf down on our lap,
Electrified
By lark and linnet, which I used to trap.
Ah! soon their songs charm reverie, and then
From chaos black Creation evolves again.

Fair Riverside !
What visions spring from contemplation here !
And rapture-eyed,
Drear darkness dropping from me like a tear,
I welcome them, and ah ! how help but sing,
As bird at break of day, or dawn of spring ?

Fair Riverside !
I see the land from the waters rise and shape
The prairie wide,
The mountain, forest, valley, stream and cape,
And Man arise to meet the Sun, build towns,
States, churches, schools, put on and take off crowns

Fair Riverside !
The bugle call at nightfall brings to view
Our unified
Republic, then the forest fire gone through
By all our people, and the leader grand
Who through the flames led to rock-sheltered land.

Fair Riverside !
Sacred thou hast become. The saddest vision
By me espied
Is that of thy starlit vigil, for thy mission
Is now to guard his rest, whose grand endeavor
Gave all our land divine repose forever.

Fair Riverside !
From North and South brave soldiers, battle-scarred,
Come and divide
Not hostile wise in Soul, but form one Guard
Of Honor with reversed arms, sighing, weeping,
Around him who in peace lies in thy keeping.

TO THE HUDSON.

Sweet stream, the meades and woodlands on thy way
  Smile, in response to the smile upon thy face.
  Smile on with joy, with longing wild to place
Thy hand upon the broad, bright, shield-like Bay,
Embossed with ships, clouds, islands, birds blue, gray,
  Which ocean casts off for a breathing space,
  Fronting great cities, whose bright spires draw grace
From Heaven, as locust groves on a sultry day,
  Upon the bouldered, chasmed, huge mountain side,
Mirrowed from peak to base in the lake below,
Draw lightnings. Sea mist thou wert first, then snow
  Becamest, falling dead ; revivified
By sun rays, thou, bright Soul, dost restless grow
  Until thy father Ocean is descried.

TO THE ENCHANTING HUDSON.

Where on earth, at night, or day,
  A magician more enchanting
Than thou art from spring to Bay?
  Groves to grassy meadows slanting,
Where the kine graze, and the sheep,
  Mountains shouldering bluest skies,
Palisades sublimely steep,
  Villas, towns, before thee rise,
Whether thou art swanlike gliding,
  Or around the jutland dashing,
As with blithe intent of hiding
  In a cave ; or then reflashing

On our eyes which, raptured, follow
  Thee, as after flowering Spring
Scuds the glossy purple swallow
  From the South, on tireless wing,
Searching for the seed its race
  Fed on, ere the Angel flew
Over Eden, stern of face,
  And from Heaven a comet drew.

SO DIVINE I OUGHT NOT FEAR.

Banish me not to despair, Love,
  Where clouds dwell and wolves abound,
By ascending from my prayer, Love,
  That we be by Hymen crowned.
Love or hate me! nought between, Love,
  Will I suffer. If I share
Not the Heaven where thou art queen, Love,
  Everywhere else is despair.

Banish me not to despair, Love,
  Where clouds dwell and wolves abound,
By star-gazing from my prayer, Love,
  That we be by Hymen crowned.
Crowned, indeed! to rule a realm
  Of delight, whose walls and towers
Never a horde could overwhelm,
  No, nor all grim Allied Powers.

Banish me not to despair, Love,
  Where clouds dwell and wolves abound,

By not lowering to my prayer, Love,
That we be by Hymen crowned.
Crowned to rule a realm of pleasure
Where each moment would, like vassal,
Drive his herd, or shoulder treasure
To the lodge-gate of our castle.

Banish me not to despair, Love,
Where clouds dwell and wolves abound,
By not bending to my prayer, Love,
That we be by Hymen crowned.
Oh, to see the warm sun flinging
Tidal light waves through the murk,
The bird kingdom, startled, winging,
Mankind scattering to its work!

Banish me not to despair, Love,
Where clouds dwell and wolves abound,
By not gladdening at my prayer, Love,
That we be Hymen crowned.
Oh, what joy to watch young Spring, Love,
Take from savage Winter's hand
Arrowy winds which whizz and sting, Love,
Or watch Summer tent the land!

Banish me not to despair, Love,
Where clouds dwell and wolves abound,
By mute poising o'er my prayer, Love,
That we be by Hymen crowned.
Life is sweet, aye, next to thee, Love!
If thou love not, smite, I crave.—
Friendship? Name it not—'twould be, Love,
Only a flower upon my grave,

Banish me not to despair, Love,
Where clouds dwell and wolves abound ;
Shut all Heaven not to my prayer, Love,
That we be by Hymen crowned.
'Tis my soul that cries to thine, Love,
Luminously lowering near
Through the dark with face Divine, Love,
So Divine I ought not fear.

SOME DAY.

Brother ! speak boldly out the truth you see.
Disguise no lie, though on it creeds may rest
Their jaded bodies ; for a lie, at best,
Is the fur of a sleeping panther, and will he
Some day not wake, ere men have time to flee,
And claw them ? When you spy the feline breast,
Arouse your brethren gently. Be deprest
Not, though you should be stoned from earth to the sea,
Be doomed to walk the long, black, marshy coast
Alone and cold ; for wrathful will grow men,
Disturbed from ease ; but *some day* they will swarm
The shore to bring you home to lead their host
And crown you. When ? 'Tis sad to think 'tis when
The beast lies dead, midst many a ghastly form.

TO INDEPENDENCE.

As the bird all day
Sings one roundalay,
Sweetly swells his throat
With the same rich note ;

So I sing from morn
Till the stars are born,
  Or the clouds have blest
  Earth with shade, with rest—
Sing "I yearn and burn for thee,
Life is wild concern for thee."

As the waves all day
Dash their lives away
  On the rocks and beach,
  Far as they can reach;
So, from when the day
Blossoms pink from gray
  Till earth's hues subside,
  Like a sea, sun dried,
I, on shore of hope for thee,
Dash my life and grope for thee.

How I yearn for thee!
Oh, and burn for thee!
  And, on hope for thee,
  Dash and grope for thee!
I shall yearn and burn
  And on hope shall grope,
Till I, sun-like, turn
  Down the western slope,
When the cloud, men's thought of me,
Red will glow that I sought for thee.

Leaves From Cagliostro.

AWAITING THE MESSENGERS.

General Willard, a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, having been killed by a fall down an embankment at Monument Park, Colorado, is personated by Salvation Plover at the instigation of Judge and Colonel Guilderbury, who hope by the ruse to maintain their Party in power and secure their own predominance in the Councils of the Nation. In the following scene, which is laid in Monument Park, the conspirators await the messengers whom they sent for Dr. Squigginson, a medium, with whose assistance they expect to effect a marriage rite between Salvation Plover and Mrs. Willard without arousing her suspicion, in order to appease the false scrupulosity of the Judge, her father.

Col. Guilderbury. (*Entering.*)
Fouracres not yet back?

Plover. Not yet.

Judge. The grave
Is all right I suppose,—

Col. Suppose it is.

Judge. No danger—not the slightest—of discovery?

Col No more than of your ever hushing up.
Ask me at once, sir, if I am stark mad.

Judge. I need not ask about a thing I see.

Col. We start right off without that charlatan.
Oh, idiot that I was to have consented
One second! There is something, not ourselves,
That makes for evil, as for righteousness.

Judge. (*Warmly.*) We Christians call that Satan.
Col. (*Sarcastically.*) We!
Judge. Oh!
Col. (*To Plover.*) Sicken.
Plover. Sicken?
Col. Assume a disease that alters features,
As Walter Raleigh did to save his life.
Plover. He did, hey? How wind up?
Col. How ignorant!
Judge. How manage the marriage?
Col. During his convalescence
We can treat that, as well as how to lessen
Ourselves of clumsy luggage. Have we not
His project to dispose of, and his wife?
Plover. Gosh! I forgot poor Sal—as usual.
Judge. Was
She ever unfaithful?
Plover. No.
Judge. Too bad! bad case!
I would advise desertion for two years.
Plover. Only two years?
Col. Damn it, man, are you raving?
Plover. Expected next his hand out for the fee.
Judge. Were she unfaithful, we could feel less culpable.
(*Pacing.*) Oh! swarms of thoughts are beetling in my face.
They bite and blind so, that I feel half mad.
The marriage when arranged—
Plover. All clouds above us
Will snow in our favor fast and thick the moment
The medium comes. A reindeer I shall be
With bells to the nuptial sled. Gosh! I can see
Myself a flying and the country taking

A hitch behind.

Judge. The snow may turn to rain,
Make swamping slush. Why was I ever born?

Col. I give it up, if not to be a plague.

Judge. Back!

Col. Never.

Judge. Where is Andrew? where Fouracres?
They took our finest horses,—

Col. As I ordered
Them.

Judge. Ha! the more the idiot, fool! big fool!
May be they start the human cry against us.

Plover. This secret is indeed too small a boat
For more than three to sit in.

Col. We must tumble
The others over, else go down to bottom.

Judge. Murder? murd—

Col. Damn you, hush.

Judge. (*Staggered.*) Damn! damn! Oh! Oh!

Plover. Can we keep up a steady pull from sight,
If we are wedged in—have not elbow room—
And have to carry three huge lifeless bulks?
No one but pullers can remain aboard,
Except the cockswain. (*To Judge.*) You must be the
cockswain,
Though must not blur your eyes with tears, then fancy
Thick fog ahead.

Judge. Were it not better, sir,
To catch those runaways than, unpetitioned,
To give instructions?

Plover. (*Good humoredly.*) Judge, you hit bull's eye.

Judge. Fouracres seemed in hissing, howling woods,

Striving to keep in shriek till out of them.

* * * * * *

Oh ! knew that once we cut adrift from God,
He would not send an angel to our rescue
But let us dash a-down the dark canyon.

* * * * * *

I look up and I see no sky, no hope,
But sand-storms bursting down and the walls collapsing.

—*Act II.*

NO REAL FIRE.

Rev. Mr. T. How pitiable to behold a genius
Expiring dolphin-like, emitting brilliance—
All hues except the brightest, Christian hope !

Mrs. W. No kinder brother ever lived than George.

Temp. Of course, the good in him is hope for him.—
His brusqueness not a recent acquisition ?
A genius is no genius save he show
Some eccentricity.

Mrs. W. No hypocrite,
Not George ; no ! no ! He uses those horrid words
Because he notices the people, who
Would blush to mention them, as if all covered
Up the glare of the dreadful opening furnace,
Shovel their fellow creatures into it,
Like so much coke or coal.

Temp. Be not alarmed,
Dear,—no real fire.

Mrs. W. Where then does Satan abide ?

Temp. Indeed, dear, to be frank, we are not certain
That Satan is a personality,
(*Smiling.*) But soon intend to put it to a vote.

Mrs. W. If voted out, he may rebel, for is

Not, to rebel his nature?

Temp. Quite a wit.—

—*Act III.*

A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

Rev. Mr. T. Been weeping? Why, dear, why?

Mrs. W. Oh! when those lightnings
Were sweeping earth, as waves the deck of ship,
I saddened, thinking George must die so soon.
How good he was upon that other day
Of awfulest torrents, thunder, when my darling,
My Emma, lay in the lake! Oh! Though all sopping,
He would not change his clothes. How urge him much?
Moreover, I thought God would pity Emma,
Her father, and me, and not let him take cold.—
Poor darling! (*weeps.*)

Temp. Better off.

Mrs. W. We meet here, love,
Clasp and are sundered.

Temp. (*Checking himself quickly.*) Jane!—too true!
too true!

Mrs. W. Nothing but woe, loss, pain.

Temp. Pain has its virtues,
My dear. At birth, it wakens consciousness,
Our dormant faculties; child, are not we
Now being born anew in Christ? All pains
On earth arouse our consciousness of being
For Glory, for are they that mourn not blessed?
Waken grand longings, faculties for Heaven,
Pinions that have not spreading room on earth.

Mrs. W. Would that George had a tenth of Aleck's vigor,
Or father's!

Temp. Or their earnest piety.—
Where is the General?
Mrs. W. Out among the mountains.
Temp.. Be frank,—why always sad? One unacquainted
With your keen sensibility, might fancy,
Because of shadows often darkening you,
As from a cloud, or something you would fly from,
The cause of your distress, dear, must be *dreadful!*
Mrs. W. What!—Oh! shall tell you all—I do begrudge
My Emma to the Lord.
Temp. Mere feeling, natural
Enough, dear. Who of us worth speaking of
But falls and lies a slab on a loved one's grave?
But you will not keep stubbornly averted
From graces, sent from Heaven to lift you up.
We must not live all root, but rise and blossom.
Mrs. W. God had so many angels, he could surely
Have spared me her. What had I ever done
For such affliction?
Temp. Emma may have been
An anchor drawing your bright face from Him.
Mrs. W. So horribly disfigured by the fishes,
Aleck would let me have no glimpse of her,
No farewell kiss! Oh, it was horrible!
Temp. Warmly He loves us, loves our lifted faces
So, that he turns their anchors into wings.
Mrs. W. I could not realize it in that light,
Hence, absent-heartedly, ran into wildest
Excesses—
Temp. No, no, no!—
Mrs. W. Of worldliness—
Temp. Oh!—

Mrs. W. From her madly ravishing memory ;
Still, in each lovely child I saw her hooping,
Jumping the rope, or chirping infant games,
Swinging, or pouting, wondering, smiling, shouting,
So much so that one day—but it was wrong,
Oh, very wrong !—I clasped one to my heart,
Yes, felt like running off—I knew not whither—
Until I saw her mother wandering wild,
Like Jesus' mother on the three days' search.

Temp. Oh, were such fervor but directed upward !
Remember Isaac was a response to prayer.

—*Act III.*

A STRUGGLE WITH PASSION.

Temp. (*Taking the paper which Mrs. W. put on the table, and walking to and fro.*)

" We meet here, love, clasp, and are sundered."
Lord ? how did I restrain ? That was the moment.
Oh ! how my lips burn feverish for one kiss,
My arms and breast for one embrace ! I care
Not, care not, I will clasp her, come what will.
My love will out, though, like the genie freed
From casket, it cloud earth, push Heaven from sight.
But God ! an Atlas now, I hold the heavens
Of millions ; if I fall, what havoc ! Verily,
A Heaven-quake, such as when bright Lucifer fell.
Oh ! hers is such a whirlwind of a glance,
It carries every resolution off,
Dashes my sun-domed temples to the ground.
I *will* away, encounter it no more.
How weak, thou will of mine ! Yet, what is pleasure
But hands across our eyes from ghastly death ?

No wonder that our hands stick fast to them ;
That only death, or Christ by miracle,
Has power to pull them down. How death, when drawing
Our bashful, maiden hands away, will grin,
And, with bone.crushing and ash-showering arms,
Embrace us ! Oh ! how help but rush from him
With eyes hand-pressed, as if by bird-shot stricken,
Or stone from sling ! Stand, I will be no dastard,
But will pull down my hands, give death an eye
With which I could drag down the highest madman
To lick the dust.—Oh ! he a hero, indeed,
Who runs the howling gauntlet of the world
Back to adjust what he has done amiss.
Though peremptory is Thy order, Thou
Most High ! to do so, still how few—how few—
Oh ! 'tis too much. If weeds, sown in the past,
Spring tall before us, will not firing them,
As we march on, suffice ? This would I do
Most eagerly.

—*Act III.*

AT THE HOUSE.

Col. (*Leading Mrs. W. to Temp.*) Come, 'tis the Doctor's positive injunction.

Mrs. W. I will not leave him.

Col. Come, come. (*Folds the doors.*)

Temp. (*Conducting her through them.*) Come, my dear. How stand this longer ? Shall I go for doctors ?

Mrs. W. What ! yes, do ! do ! A dozen at least. Poor Aleck !
Never more sprightly than this morning, when

He cantered from my proud and happy vision.

Temp. Let not your pain, my dear, be too acute,—
Men overjoyed, cut saturnalian antics ;—
I have not now the fear I had at first.
I would suggest,—

Mrs. W. What ?

Temp. I should not, perhaps ;—

Mrs. W. Why not ? do ! do !

Temp. Since I let slip the hint,
May be I ought ; still, Jane, it pains,—

Mrs. W. What is it ?

Temp. Oh ! had not God just freshened me with grace
To start anew in the race, as Paul describes it,
I scarcely could have reached the resolution
To hint remotely that if, now and then,
You would with glances sweep out nooks and corners,
You might find dust.

Mrs. W. Be plain.

Temp. Matilda *may* be
Pure.

Mrs. W. Nonsense !

Temp. Then you know she is not pure !

Mrs. W. I did not say so.

Temp. Was her action—pushing
You back—not queer ? I thought she had some dreadful
Confession.

Mrs. W. (*Contemptuously.*) Oh !

Temp. Well, I hope so.

Mrs. W. How you frighten !

Temp. I know how penitents are prone to act,
Tear all considerations, bandages
From their gashed foreheads, though they bleed to death.

Breathe not what I have hinted, but be watchful.

Mrs. W. Hurry the doctors, please. [*Exit Temp.*]
(*Shaking the door.*) George! George!

Col. (*Unfolding them.*) What?—where
Is Templeton?

Mrs. W. Gone after doctors.

Col. What!
Does he care for the General more than we do?

Mrs. W. It seems he does.

Col. Not till the filmy ailment
On Aleck's eyes is off,—the seance—when?

Dr. (*Starting.*) What seance? Think that I would stay to be
At a scene of murder?

Col. Thunderation!

Mrs. W. George!

Col. Approach him not.

Mrs. W. You must be silly. (*Rushes towards Plover.*)

Col. (*Plucking her back.*) Not
For your own easement but for his. His wound,
Far more than yours, will needlessly be probed,
Kept red, raw, gaping, not let heal, form skin.

Ralph. (*At door, with hand on head, and to Dr.*)
A telegram directs you to remain.

Mrs. W. Oh!

Col. Where is the girl? She did not fetch the spreads.
[*Exit, kicking over the chairs in his way and locking the door.*]

Mrs. W. Quick! I insist on a dozen, at least.
(*Pulls the bell violently, then instinctively arranges the chairs.*)

Dr. Insane, ma'am.

Mrs. W. Why not have other physicians to consult with?

Dr. Their chattering sickened me at Petersburg.
The Duke was raging, raving, swearing that
He was a carpenter,—nay, Nihilist,—
Wanted to work. Materialistic quacks,
Who would have us look down upon the ground,
As were we villains going to the gallows,
And not aloft to Him, who scatters suns
To draw our eyes from filth, our starving birds
From adders, venomous worms, came in a mob,
Shook shoulders, heads, then turned on him their broken
Backs, humped with pride, swift-deserting dromedaries,
Each, all opining that he should be smothered
Between two ticks.

Mrs. W. Good Lord! Did he get cured?

Dr. Can it be possible you do not know?

Mrs. W. I now recall it faintly,—really cured?

Dr. Would I palm off a falsehood on the world,
Give the poor savage sawdust for best meal?

Mrs. W. I do not think you would; still I know nothing
About you. Father! George! George! Aleck! Aleck!

—*Act III.*

VERIFYING A PHENOMENON.

When Rev. Mr. Templeton sneers at the physical saviour of the race, a machine which Dr. Squigginson was inspired to construct, Ralph Raymond, a Cagliostro in flesh, who at seances had "produced the spirit of the renowned preacher," attempts to draw from him the admission that he was conscious of his spirit's disembodiment.

Dr. 'Tis easier to convince posterity
By millions, than contemporaries singly,
And this consoles me.

Van D. (*Smilingly.*) Fly to the millions, brother!

Temp. (*Entering.*) Egad! ha! that the engine, patented
To lift Creation out of the eely mud?

Ralph. (*Rushing to Temp.*) By Jonathan, the man I want. I called
To-day upon you, Mr. Templeton,
To interview you. Last September, tenth,
Thirteenth, and fourteenth, and October sixth,
November sixteenth, seventeenth, generally
At ten o'clock in the evening, were you conscious
Of being present at our seance?

Temp. What?

Ralph. Did you wake up with an aching head?

Temp. What do
You mean, sir?

Van D. That your spirit is a diner
Out.* (*Noises, and the gas-jets leap.*)

Temp. Precious must your nut of meaning be,
Since, like a squirrel, fountain-tailed, you hide it.
You are requested to postpone this farce
Indefinitely. Close the windows,—windy.

Dr. Mistaken! 'tis not windy. Did you not
Drink often at my expense, sir?

Temp. What?

Ralph. Beer, bourbon.

Temp. The Colonel must be drafting a regiment
Of the deranged. Beer, bourbon!—Oh! snakes, vipers!
These banished, all were Paradise; while they
Are extant, never an Eden.—(*To Col.*) George, your sister
Was made to swallow RUM, when physically
Unable to resist. Must she be dragged
Down? or must *he* be lifted up? Decide;

* R. D. Owen.

Which is it, Heaven or Hell?

Col. (*Petulently*) Hell!

Ralph. Templeton,
Do you not like long tunnels best, because,
In them, you have a chance to snatch a swig
Without eyes shining, like segars, at you?

Dr. Your spirit said so at our seance, sir

Mrs. L. (*re-entering.*) Go on without her; she wants too much coaxing.

Temp. Oh! to be thus calumniated drives
Me mad. Were it aught but the beastliest
Of—Oh!

Dr. Birds *on the wing* conceal the feet
That ran in dirty places.

Act IV.

THE CAPTURE.

Mrs. W. (*At the seance.*) My darling, if you are now here, do speak.

Col. Hem!

Temp. I will brace the marriage, end the farce.

Male Spirit. Will Sister Lamb not go?

Mrs. L. No, never!

Col. Must.

Female Spirit. The preacher must go, too; should take her arm.

Male Spirit. Let him remain, for does he not resemble
A great apostle?

Female Spirit. Verily the one
Who died of a sore throat; for in each woman
He spies his Lord, and kisses to bet ray.

Temp. (*Flinging a rope at the female spirit, and clutching the male, whom she pushes in his way.*)
Human or devil! I will strangle you.
Victory!
Mrs. W. George! George!
Col. Come quickly. [*Exit with Mrs. W.*]
Mrs. S. What is it?
Mrs. L. A spirit is pushing the coarse disturber out.
Male Spirit. Oh! Oh! Your eyes are burning glasses,
Grape shot! *
Direct their deadly fire elsewhere—*on him.*
Have spirits, when in human form, no feeling?
(*Dr. jerks Temp. aside, thereby releasing the spirit, who disappears.*)
Temp. As I conjectured, they are vulnerable
As Africans upon the shin-bone. That
One should have been more expeditious crossing
The fence between both worlds, let not me catch
His tissue paper trousers, like a bull dog. (*Flourishes his trophy.*)
Mrs. L. You brought that tissue paper in your pocket.
Temp Let us thank God for the capture of the shark,
And be not fools, dear friends, to bathe again
In these dark waters.

—*Act IV.*

COMMAND HER TO ARISE.

Mrs. Squigginson expects the resurrection of Lilla Lamb, not by means of the Doctor's Physical Saviour of the Race, but by Christ, the time of whose reappearance on earth she believes to be at hand. It does not occur to her that her own sight requires straightening, or that she also is one of the "poor fools."

* Andrew Jackson Davis, *The Diakka.*

Mrs. S. (*Lifting Lilla's head.*)
Command her to arise, and, Lord!
Do straighten the sight of those who turn their eyes
Into their sockets to their will from Thine.
Dr. God! laugh Thy fill now.
Mrs. L. (*Rushing at Dr.*) Give me back my darling,—
You told me what she said was true! was true!—
Must have her! Give me back my Lilla, ever
My warm heart—at my side—a heart that never
Could fail me! *Give me back my darling child!*
Dr. (*Eluding her.*)
Let out annihilation from Thy heart,
Thy all eternity-harbored "ha! ha! ha!"
Mrs. S. Lord God! dost Thou in this dark hour forsake me?
Pity us all.—Do I ask *Thee* to pity?
All human pity for our kind that ever
Could be, were but a dew-drop on a daisy,
Compared with Thine, which is an endless rain,
A deluge, though unseen by us, poor fools,
Who fancy that our hearts are larger than Thine,
And with this fancy flagellate our souls.
(*Cagliostro, the inspirer of delusions, evolves gorgeously from a cloud.*)
Welcome, O dearest Lord! Oh! welcome, welcome!
Once that this Babel lay demolished, as
All such must lie, I was as sure of seeing
Thee, as if I had just approached the Mount
Where thousands, quiet as snowy morn,
Stood, and from clay changed into violets,
Lillies and roses, an oasis sweet
To angels, deserting since Eden sank,

Beneath Thy zephyr voice. O Thou, who breathest
On wintry earth, and it is Spring! I beg Thee,
Behold poor Lilla. With Thy garment's hem
Only just touch her! touch my husband, too,—
Oh! all the world, which is to be the more
Pitied because, like owls, it hoots at light,
At those who mean well,—even those far astray—
Oh! even, Lord, those who, having lost Thy trail,
Follow the moon, their promptings, round and round
The prairies, and lie hopeless down, thirst, craze.

—*Act V.*

APPENDIX.

The extracts from "Cagliostro" give only a faint inkling as to the nature and scope of the play. The work is primarily a poem, and therefore has to do with types and ideals rather than with ordinary characters. Strange as are the fancies and actions of some of the dramatic personæ in "Cagliostro," analogous material may be found in abundance in the history and literature of the subject. The author is not unmindful of a strong antipathy on the part of the public to his theme; but thinks that the wrath of the critic should be appeased by the fact that he makes his spiritualistic machinery emblematic of the speculative Spirit of the Age as revealed to us by even such a dispassionate thinker as M. Renan.

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